The King of Time
Richard Lighthouse

The King of Time

Richard Lighthouse

Copyright © 2012

Dedicated to ALL THAT IS - Thank you for the miracle month.

"When we realize we are peering inside the mind of God, then we become gods ourselves." - RL

table of contents

I

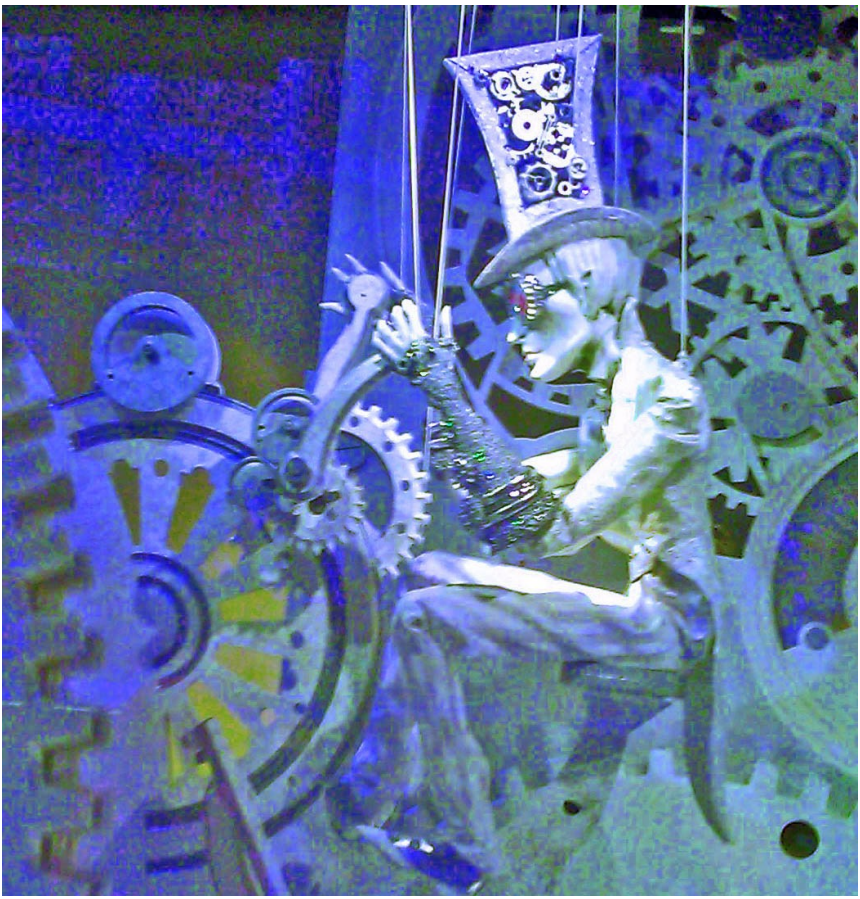
the king of time	7
pretend game	8
catching fire 2	9
where is what	10
note to self 2	11
margins of maybe	12
how to take over the world	13
how to rule the world	14
poetry 101	15
surely this is true	16
racing the sun	17
tomorrow will bulldoze tonight 2	18

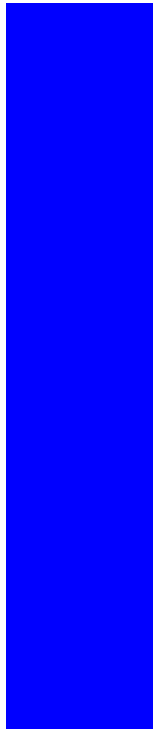
II

things we discover	20
in the space of moments	21
stations of the cross	23
dibbs on top	24
stealing blue	25
swim or sink	26
pour judgement	27
mental wedgie	28
rhyme with time	29
will the neighbors notice	31
to two and too	32
how to take over the world 2	33

III

what do you know	35
at the edge of self 2	36
dewars for breakfast	37
spare miracles	39
sir cumcision	40
corporate cult	41
how to rule the world 2	42
why poetry needs capital letters	43
wet my whistle	44
greedy dreams	45
my dear mr hawking 3	47
the new science	48





the king of time

my coronation shall be a grand affair
of unbroken clocks in need of repair.
golden carriages will lead the parade
curtsy and bow to the big charade.

by throne and crown release the sand
unswear allegiance to the ticking hand
never knowing we've crossed a line
all hail, all hail the king of time.

if glory is greater than ignorance bliss
in the queen of pendulum's final kiss
only big ben is grinning now
with speed of light we make a vow:

to dance by the grace of a magic moon
let daylight saving enjoy its june
with careless clocks drink this wine
all hail, all hail the king of time.

so tuck this hour inside your pocket
wander to stars in a shooting rocket
dearest einstein would roll in his grave
relating the minutes we could not save.

by royal decree, i hereby rule:
time is a jester and we are the fools.
on a feast of hours, we now dine
all hail, all hail the king of time.

100812

pretend game

pretend not to know you are reading this.

pretend the paper words sit glaring up at you.
imagine they laugh when read. their names
escape you.

they snicker at the fool you've become.
why did you waste those years?
the ink bleeds a little at the edge. just like you.

pretend you are hiding from the fool you've become.
working long hours to avoid your spouse.
a comic without funny. your mortgage giggles.

is this too much for reading
or too much pretend?
go home. think again.
if you stop pretending, do the words change to serious?

now, quit your life and walk away.
no. on second thought, stand back and breath.

read this poem again.

120111

catching fire 2

strike these words together
like two flints sparks will erupt.

gather small vowels of debris
for they will catch first.
feel the cold and hunger.

next, pile on noun twigs
then the stick verbs
yearning for life.
they want to taste the wind.

dowel upon wood, turn the syllables
until they mean some thing.
force them to mean.
do not relent.

with sacred breathe, blow.
delicate again and again.
the pulse from your chest
brings life to meaning.

see how they combust with out effort
they know what to do.

feel the heat rising from words
crackling with passion.
let it puncture the cold.
then gather more language to feed it.

now, rest easy as
you sleep this night.
in the embers, there are meanings.
in the burning, we are known.

120120

where is what

if we go this way
it could be a direction
or should be a place.

i get lost in the wheres
but no one calls me a place.
funny we think belong is some
where.

if clothes are the house
we wear, isn't everyone home?
i like to think i'm from is.

it might be the perfect noun.
just call me at is.
i'll be very. and things will be so.

can
life be more convenient?

slipping where no sidewalk cracks.
parching under a some where sun.
smirking over a clever poem.

if you need me
just call.

i'll be at is.

110414

note to self 2

stop being so invincible.
people follow you around
in that annoying way.

maybe they're lost. hung over
on cocktails of science
and religion. looking for a cult leader.

let them build cathedrals to
your confidence. and wait to be
anointed.

sprinkle them with holy water, instead.
give them crosses to carry,
burdened with dogma

stop being so invincible.
and when they want your
second coming. just smile,

and say you never left.

120108

margins of maybe

say it again. i didn't quite hear. the words
faded into mental fog.
what did you say?

a little louder. my ears were lost in the noise
singing like broken time.
i am missing in the trill.

musing over our placement
conscious of now
dabbling in the margins

of might be. perhaps. possibly.

i want to live there,
right in that space. tucked
away timeless.
in the magic.
in the maybe.

say it again.

110104

how to take over the world

invent a catchy slogan
that rhymes with your name
buy the best adjectives.
think with your penis.

swear that poetry is dead
kill it with an axe.
slap someone across the head.
high 5 a stranger. make him miss.

grow a porno mustache.
grab your crotch when you speak.
carry a luggage of verbs
do not use them.

roll your tongue in the mouth
then speak one word.
giggle at the news.
say hemmingway was a pussy.

burp when asked your name.
are you still with me?
grab your crotch again.
smile.

120115

how to rule the world

silent like the sunset, he comes.
with every passing ignored.

a predator sneaking on prey.
like a hawk on squirrel that
moments ago

saw the world as playful. full of free food.
my front yard, a dominion.

grip it by the throat. ask the hawk how it's done.
he pretends hunger.

did you see him drop?
unforgiving claws that break a neck.

he will circle again.

poetry 101

how do i look so far?

i am as alive as you.
possessing consciousness and purpose.
we are structures that
seek others.

i exist that you might study yourself
and creativity's nature.

i am a bookmark in time
holding frozen emotion
gifting students
with self-fragments and meaning.

i live in volumes of intensity.
expressing mankind's ideals,
and gathering the mental children
we nurture and grow.

bring me close. smell the ink.
tell me what you sense.

120129

surely this is true

just to see if it feels like a lie,
i say it twice (and at first it does) but then i
realize: the more it breathes, the truer it sounds.
i cough. hack at it like a cold.

it's worse in the spring. when every thing
is wanting to be new.
i feel it again. cough and pause.
say it. surely this is true.

now glance away. look at the distance.
that must be right. it feels so true.

the serious look
makes it a certain thing.

110809

racing the sun

we left heathrow just as she rose.
the buildings glowed in predawn glory.

golden. shining. rare.

begging us not to leave.
but the tower called clear
and we rolled like a crescendo.

slowly climbing with the gods.

out, over the icy atlantic.
where sirens call like a captor.
i can hold you deep as a sinking
but we laugh.

the clouds ring hollow. mocking our sky
where sailors once worshipped.

soaring. alone.
we are the gods now.
bolder than myth.

even the sun will concede.

110908

tomorrow will bulldoze tonight 2

don’t go back to the rainy hotel
my whiskey brain says
keep driving westheimer
soak your reason like a summer storm.
strip club girls
smile and wave

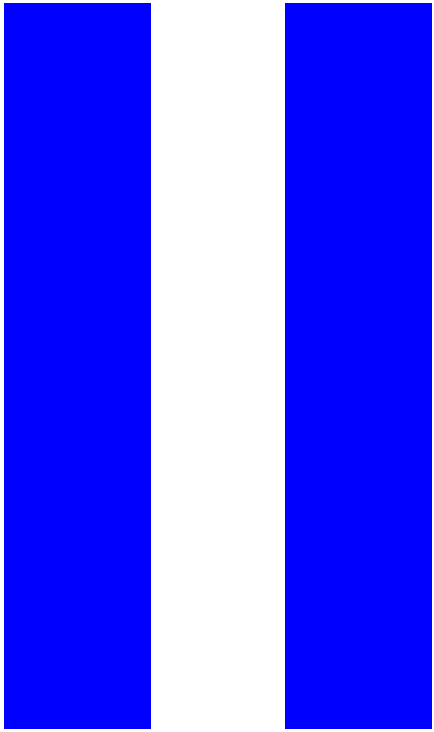
which light is the right direction –
turn signals drizzle and flash
wet choices shape in my head
waiting for a sign
that one sign.
keep driving.

rain washes thundering over cars
releasing colors in a box.
the crayons in my mind scream
neon is a lie.

i return to this place a moment
shaping hues into meaning
and the moment returns to me.

shake that pretty ass, baby
tomorrow will bulldoze tonight.

120120



things we discover

her sleeping curve in your bed

what she said last night

the wow of it all

the where is this going

the yearning to pull away

the without knowing why

the don’t worry about it

the stretch that feels so good at waking.

081224

in the space of moments

you paused. then
shook it off. your new york apartment
gleaming in brilliant snow.

cold tugging at wooden
windows where lovers left a secret.
a fire still resting in ashes.

we know this much is true:

i am older by your stare.
wondering with false belief,
if love is stronger than
a man.

if i could be completely
the man you want.
  worlds would roll
over. yet time

would gallop no different.
no sun would set without
glow.

we are no different in time
because of love. ages will polish our souls.
more than gleaming.
more than now.

covered in shine,
i came to collect you today.
and watched your pause
shaking off the moment.

there is only this space
full of now. sparkling.
left to fill.

110104

stations of the cross

she pauses slowly.
moving between the stools of men
praying,
one will respond.

glance. then glance away.
her innocence wasted
on men that had better time.
moves delicately then prays again.

please dear jesus. just
one dear man that will grant
solomon's greedy wish.
just one.

but in the night they turn to tv's
and dream of women better
than wives. better than beautiful.
better than her.

just one man.
the safety of a man.
the beliefs of a child
and a father she could not win.

kneel and pray.
our father who art…

110410

dibbs on top

jesus it's cold,
who in their right mind would venture out
i huddle near what's barely fire
rubbing my hands

then she knocks. she has that habit of
uncertainty. falling in and out of your mind.

what the hell do you want?
  just thought i would drop by.
funny how that works.
dropping like a grenade

where ya been honey? you sure know how
to make yourself scarce.
 oh, you know, stuff. busy stuff.

ever had sex in the snow?
(she says smirking)
  no… but,

i quickly call the punch line,

"dibbs on top."

110531

stealing blue

each fall i free the leaves
from servitude
see how they spread out
under sky.

and restore them next year in a moment
that holds my breathe.

connected with sky and
stored in the eyes
explaining infinity.

if we return to simple,
return to true tone,
would this not equal every moment
we failed to touch?

and having spared this moment
my mind returns to now
sinking hard into
concrete

with iron jungles,
a traffic of congestion returns
pulsing red with brake lights.

081118

swim or sink

only love walks ahead
knowing where footsteps will fall.
if only the flaw didn't
follow.

you bring me perplexed
to a place, wondering if beliefs are stronger than
any man

again you come taunting
my will damning the
being i refuse.
how can you be so much.

are we resigned to a conflict
with you at the center?

or surrender
myself and save
the drowning

inevitable?

110307

pour judgment

just a bit more, she says her fat tongue
rolling over wet lips
and more cubes. more cubes.
i top it off and watch her body

float above the carpet. majesty
of flight. the room folds into itself.
this is not madness. maybe a dream.

damn it, kiss me like you love me!
kiss me!

i don't do that anymore, i say.
you got the money?

she cackles like eggs dropping
sips her cubed drink
in long pauses. i'm not gonna pay you. cupcake,
cause you'll do it free.

the synthesizer in my head
reverbs in echo wah
in and out
like time itself.

black holes appear sucking light from the room.
opening wide and swirling down.

i might do it free, baby
but you'll still pay.

110408

mental wedgie

this poem is a mental wedgie
pull it from the crack in your head.
see how this poem lost 7 lbs in a weekend
dodging monday like a game.

090706

rhyme with time

when you no longer return my calls
i will do what i always did.

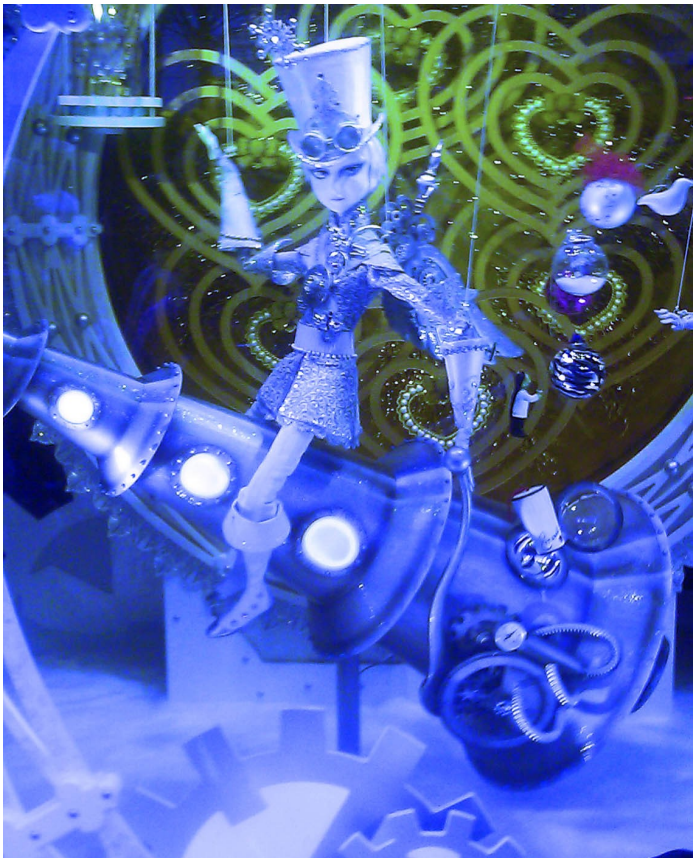
when my texts ring hollow
in the ether world
silent like phones
i will know.

retreating to my little box
where i dabble with words and lasers
and you don't know me
anymore

i will sync with the language of gods
    rhyme with time
and touch infinity

but you won't know me
anymore.

110921



will the neighbors notice?

dishes sit dirty in the sink.
the ringing phone unanswered.
laundry undone.
bills unpaid.

god, you are a great fuck.
my mental state regresses to
nakedness. primal. urgent. grasping.

the whys running through my mind.

need i explain the why of yard
mowing?

100928

to two and too

we flew westward because the sun swore
it would shine.
white brush strokes gliding below
at delicate speed.
it seems I've been here before
again.

to those with grounded feet
i scrape the sky for laughter.
too balanced on air to care
and two miles of poems trailing behind.

at this height, I'll need another 2
but any dos equis will do.

120111

how to take over the world 2

rolling out of bed seems simple enough
sipping coffee while the world flows by

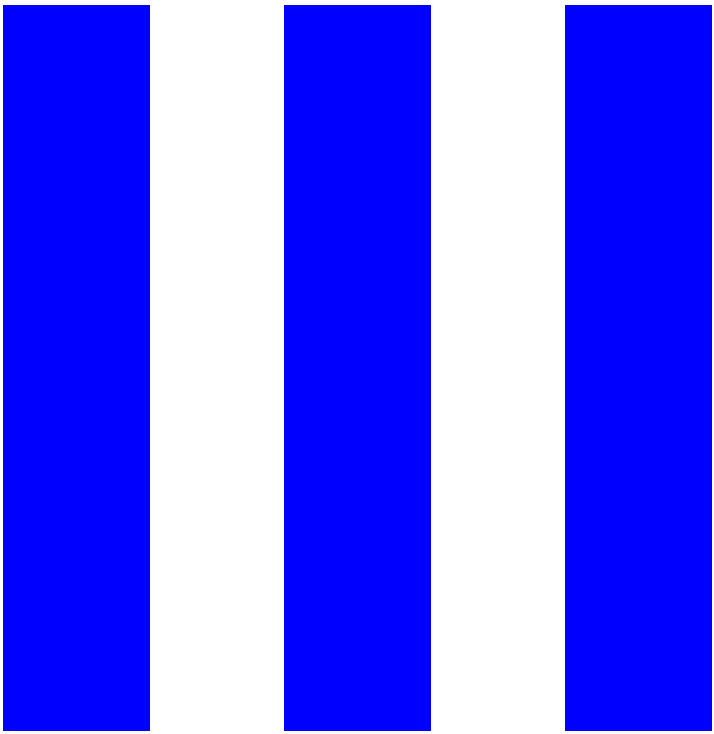
suited men with importance in their eyes
limousine smiles and casual nods

stock exchanges clatter with currency
power is traded like pork bellies

my milk knows how to sublime the coffee
stirring in color till it runs just right

pay for the yacht with corporate funds
guarding the lies only secrets keep

slumber with me while i lay in bed
stealing the pot where the rainbow once spread.



what do you know

what you don't know about me
equals what i know about you.
a mental equation. solving where x is
unfound.

what you don't know about me
is how much the mirror
silver-gray, sparkling light
blurs at the edges

what you don't know about us is
where the parts come together
showing the mind is only apart
from itself.

what you do know, doesn't include
how the grass parted where we
walked, leaving a common footprint.
a shared shadow.

what you don't know can be molded
about me
about us
such that we become whatever label
you decide.

a formed person. a precast drama.

you really don't know.

111004

at the edge of self 2

i have come here to disavow.
i am no longer myself.
here with proclamation words
firm and true
i reject this. renounce that.

i also divorce me.
refuse and deny any tie.
i am moving on.

falling thru a silence to be filled.
masking the breath of life
bowing in insult to the ego.
reckless moments.

the moving air becomes thin
daring myself take it back.
but my tongue is done.

clutching at one minute
that exceeds time
holding this air this moment
like a poem you once read.

maybe this poem.

120120

dewar's for breakfast

with each sip i am smarter.
becoming the man
i could be.
she knows my name

but i'm just learning
she calls when i work.
years later
i wonder why

i didn't listen.

i was always working. too this.
too that. less than myself.

i bought this bottle to remember.
every day i try.

we want to be some thing.
whiskey just wants me.
anyone can be a thing, it says.
why do that?

push the magic self
be reborn each day
become the genius,
become the god we are meant to be

110608

WESTCLOX

spare miracles

while doing my holy walk
i'm suddenly wearing the halo again.
glowing neon and attracting
attention.

it's not the light i mind,
but the questions.
where do you plug it in?
who lit your fire?

could you spare a miracle?
people tug and push for room
a leper on his knees.
children point and stare.

if it wasn't for palm leaves,
i'd never take this street.
tug on my robe
and you might be healed.

110414

sir cumcision

no loss.

there's nothing at stake,
not in this kindergarten reality.
everyone graduates,
it's just a matter of how many

lifetimes.
so smile and be happy.
no one loses.

everyone wins.

081118

corporate cult

call it adaptable,
learning the game.
the faster you learn,
the faster you rise.

and every cultured corporate
is different.
what does your boss's boss want?
figure it out,

get good at it.
build your routine.

that's the game.

110107

how to rule the world 2

anoint yourself ruler supreme
wear a ridiculous hat
salute for the press.
never smile.

print money with your picture
condescend. discredit.
did the nouns if they put on weight?
pull someone by the hair. then slap him.

practice your evil genius laugh
build statues to yourself
stuff your pants with socks
frown. frown. frown.

why poetry needs capital letters

**because someone might miss the .period.
in the previous sentence.**

because i said so.

because it's a rule.

because i'm wearing red underwear.

because it's tuesday.

just because.

111228

wet my whistle

cloud tops have become my
new ocean. the seafarer, a winged ghost.

with van gogh's hand.they swirl into a chaos
suddenly making sense.
like blowing with lips that forgot
how to kiss.

where we leap between cities oceans away
while headphoning our way to houston.

our blinking wingtip leaves a trail in the sky,
lightly bumping just to remind our warm butts we left

ground hours ago. stars don't twinkle 7 miles up,
at least in time's illusion.

yes, i need something.
bring me another french red.

i can't whistle since 400 miles ago.

greedy dreams

if dreams could dream they would
pillage the psyche
robbing what creation did not yield

each with greedy need
lovers to engage
barters to broke
children we cannot control

yet these are our dreams and not
created and freed
within mind's machinery

free as creators we
so boldly assume and in assuming
miss the miracle

but (returning in a flash
and memory is missing
vacant as the jailed cell
where we withdrew) go

within each greedy dream and
another greedy dream is born

090203

the house on Meadville – the ideas started here.

my dear mr hawking 3

for stephen

while holding close to theories and math,
we seem to have missed important clues.
with profound respect
i offer these meager hints:

first of all, the first assumption.
time is a fiction. a grand delusion.
even children know how to add:
(time doesn't matter) + (matter doesn't time)

and in spite of the first law,
matter is always created. and never destroyed.
even without knowing.
just ask a poet.

this universe does not expand, my friend,
it is only our minds.
there are black holes, green holes, and blue holes.
but you haven't an equality for color.

FEEL the (answer), Stephen.

grand equations will not solve
looking in the wrong universe.
how many photos would
explain a person?

nothing is destroyed in a bubble chamber,
except the old ways of thinking.
consciousness -IS- the hidden matter
and = the hidden math.

my dear mr hawking,
only when we understand consciousness
will forces (be) + (come)

grandly unified.

120128
original (091103)

the new science

for Seth

they will come. and they
will come. to worship
at the alter of Seth.
bearing gifts. symbols and sacrifice.

some will cry. some recant.
more will believe.
and still they will come.
full of disbelief and full of knowing.

they will nail him to crosses.
but he will not die.
they will curse and glorify him.
and make him more than holy.

and when he is larger than life
larger than science or gods,
they will accept.
but still they will come.

120121

About the Author

Richard Lighthouse is a teacher and artist.

He created the layered poem technique, or poem-within-poem, (read the right column) which is an analogy of consciousness.

His work has been published in numerous magazines and journals, worldwide.